The Times-Dispatch

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SUNDAY, AUGUST 4, 1907.

God will not have us break into His council house or spy out His hidden mysteries. We must wait His time with watching and prayer, with fear and hope.—Walter Scott.

THE STATE AND THE RAILROADS.

The railroads of Virginia and the authorities of State have settled their differences without resort to violence and without any extraordinary proceedings.

The Times-Dispatch has urged from the first that there was no occasion for hysterics, for flamboyant proclamations, for sensational arrests and jailings, for defying the courts or for any unusual proceedings whatever. The railroads of Virginia are officered in large part by citizens of this State who are honorable and law-abiding. They were well within their lawful rights when they appealed to the Federal court for protection against a proposed measure which they believed to be harsh and unreasonable, a menace to the interests of the roads and against the public welfare. They had no thought of ignoring the principle of State's rights nor of defying the State authorities. Nor had they any idea that in asking for a Federal injunction they would be denounced as outlaws.

But when they discovered that their course had aroused the resentment of the people the several attorneys met and conferred and determined, if possible, to make a peaceable and honorable agreement with the State. There was no meeting of the attorneys, we believe, until Friday, and little time was lost in reaching the conclusion above indicated.

The Times-Dispatch and all good citizens are gratified that the differences have been adjusted in a manner that is creditable to the railroads and in keeping with the prestige and dignity of the Commonwealth. Let us continue to proceed in an orderly and lawful way, until the important questions involved are finally determined by the court of last resort.

FAILURE.

"We have toiled all the night and have taken nothing."

It is a sad saying, and there is seemingly an element of injustice in it, for is not the toiler worthy of his hire? If one plants and waters and cultivates, shall he not also reap?

Failure! It is the saddest word in the lexicon. It implies days of work and worry, sleepless nights, burning anxiety between hope and fear; cruel suspense, and disappointment, if not despair, by and by. How many men have sunk under its weight. How many suicides have left a few pencilled lines reading: "My whole life has been a failure. I'm tired of it."

The strange part of it is that all such men and women seem to think that they are in a very small minority. They feel that they are practically alone in the world; that all others of their friends and acquaintances have made a success of life, while they alone have failed. In point of fact, we are all failures, in more or less degree. Some of us fail in one direction; some in another. Some of us fail in part; some altogether. No man or woman is a complete success, and there is no man or woman with a grain of sense who does not at times have the sense of failure. It is human to fail. There is no perfect success in this world, and complete failure is very rare. It is not complete failure, necessarily, not to succeed in one's undertaking, not to gain the results after which he was reaching. God Almighty does not hold us responsible for results, if we have done our duty in honest endeavor. If we have toiled all the night faithfully and to the best of our skill, we have not altogether failed, even though we have taken nothing. Honest toil is never vain, never barren. No man toils well and takes nothing. No good effort is without its reward. The road to heaven is paved with good intentions and honest efforts.

Cheer up, all ye who have the sense of failure. You are not alone. You are in the company of the mighty majority. If you have only fought a good fight, you have not failed. If you have not fought a good fight, you are entitled to a new trial. In either event cheer up. We are all failures, and we have a fellow-feeling one for the other.

THE GERMAN-AMERICANS.

In connection with the recent German Day celebration at the Jamestown Exposition, it is interesting to note that a monument to General Nicholas Herkimer (German spelling, Herchheimer), the hero of Oriskany, will be unveiled at Herkimer, N. Y., on the 6th instant. A shaft to his memory had already been erected jointly by the United States government and the Oneida Historical Society, presided over by the late Horatio Seymour, but there was no statue. The statue to be unveiled on the 6th instant is a bronze figure about eight feet in height, and represents General Herkimer sitting at the foot of a large beech tree lighting his clay pipe and directing the battle after he had received a mortal wound. It is the work of Burr C. Miller, son of ex-Senator Warner Miller, a young artist whose work received honorable mention in the Paris Salon of 1907.

General Herkimer was one of the many soldiers who took part in the War of the Revolution, and who aided so loyally in achieving American independence. Although American born, he knew more German than English, and spoke a picturesque dialect of his own, as may be judged from the following military order in his own writing:

"Ser yu will orter your bodellyen do merchs Immiedietlih do ford edward weid for das broflesen and amonieschen fied for on betell. Dis you will disben yur berrell from frind Nicolas herchheimer. To Carnell pieder bellinger, ad de plats, ochdober 18, 1776."

(Sir: You will order your battalion to march immediately to Fort Edward, with four days' provisions and ammunition fit for one (or a) battle. This you will disobey at your peril. From your friend, Nicholas Herchheimer. To Colonel Peter Bellinger, at the Flats, October 18, 1776.)

General Herkimer was born about 1715 in New York. He is described as a man of energy, and one of the most prominent and widely respected of the German citizens of the province. At the age of thirty he was made a lieutenant of militia, and took part in the French and Indian War. In the Revolutionary War he distinguished himself by leading an expedition against Sir John Johnson's force of Tories and Indian allies. After the fall of Ticonderoga and the retreat of General Schuyler, Burgoyne threatened to capture Albany, and joined his forces with Howe's in the East. When the cooperating force led by Colonel St. Leger had invested Fort Schuyler, Herkimer marched to the relief of the latter place at the head of 800 militia of Tryon county. In the course of his march he feared ambush, and warned his men. He wished to wait until he knew that the way was clear, but two of his colonels denounced him as a coward. Stung by these reproaches, he sprang into the saddle and gave the order: "Vorwarts!" The men had not advanced very far, however, when they were completely surprised by the Indians, who poured in their fire from both sides of a ravine, with the British firing from the farther end. Many of the men were killed or taken prisoners, but Herkimer extricated the rest of his force and charged the hill occupied by Johnson's rangers with such effect that he and his German followers were soon in possession of it.

During the engagement his horse was shot from under him, and he himself was wounded in the leg. He directed his man to carry him to the foot of a tree, where he lighted his pipe and continued to direct the battle. The Americans regained their composure, fought the Indians in frontier style, and finally drove them down the sides of the hill. The British commander pushed forward his Tory forces, and the patriots were aroused to greater fury. The garrison of Fort Schuyler coming up, the Indians broke and fled in every direction, and the British troops retreated, leaving the Americans master of the field. General Herkimer had received a wound in the leg, which necessitated amputation, but the operation was rudely done. Hemorrhage set in on the tenth day, and, feeling the end approaching, the old Christian warrior called for his Bible, and read to his family gathered by his bedside the pathetic petitions of the thirty-eighth Psalm, the book falling from his hands as he breathed his last.

This rough sketch was taken in the main from Leslie's, Weekly of August 1, 1907, which also contains illustrations of the old and the new monuments and buildings associated with Herkimer's career.

Our German citizens have a right to be proud of the part which their forefathers took in the war for independence, and again in the part which all German-Americans have played in establishing our institutions and in the material development of the country. They have always been loyal and true to American interests. They are characteristically law-abiding, thrifty and industrious, and American blood is richer by the German infusion.

A PORT OF ENTRY FOR VIRGINIA.

Elsewhere will be found a letter from Mr. R. P. Burwell, a prominent farmer of Powhatan county, in which he makes a peculiarly strong argument in favor of Norfolk as a port of entry for immigrants coming to Virginia and States to the South. Mr. Burwell recently interviewed a party of Scotchmen who were brought to Virginia through Commissioner Koiner, and learned that they had great difficulty in escaping the clutches of the inspector in New York. In spite of the protest of the immigrants that they were going to Virginia, the inspector, according to their story, took them in hand, placed them in a boarding-house and would have sent them to Philadelphia in defiance of their expressed wishes, but for a telegram from the commissioner's office in Richmond requesting that they be released.

Of course, this may have been an honest mistake on the part of the inspector, but it has an ugly appearance and should be investigated. It shows that we must look well after our interests in New York, but we should use our best endeavors in the meanwhile to have Norfolk or Newport News made a port of entry. The Times-Dispatch has the assurance of distinguished men in the State that they would heartily co-operate in such a movement, and if the Congressmen of Virginia and other Southern States can be interested the movement will succeed. Of course, Virginia does not intend to open her doors to the "riff-raff of Europe," but she is in urgent need of laborers, especially laborers for the farm, and the demand for both men and women who are able and willing to work is growing every day. The negroes upon whom we have depended are moving away, and many of those who remain cannot be depended upon to do efficient service. Most of them have left the farms, and cannot be had at any price. As a consequence, the farmers have been forced to reduce their acreage, and in many sections valuable lands are going to waste.

The Times-Dispatch was lately informed by a Virginia farmer that he and his father have a fine farm and abundant means to carry on their operations, but that they have found it impossible to secure labor, and are compelled to do their own work. The father is now an old man, and the son is in poor health, but in spite of their infirmities they have been plowing and hoeing as best they can, because there is no "help" to be hired. Necessarily, their operations are limited and greatly handicapped, and they are on the alert to secure the services of some of the foreigners whom Commissioner Koiner is now bringing over. The fact that there are ten calls for every desirable foreigner who arrives is sufficient proof that there is an enormous demand in Virginia for immigration.

The tide has now set in this direction, and we should by all means have a port of entry on our own coast.

A GALLANT FISHERMAN.

It is related by a correspondent writing from Middletown, N. Y., that Mr. Joseph Rodgers, a broker by profession, but a true sportsman at heart, recently had a thrilling adventure with a wildcat. Mr. Rodgers was fishing in the Delaware River and had landed several fine bass, which were flopping their tails by his side, when a wildcat leaped from a nearby tree and pounced upon the fishes. Most men would have stood by and let the robber seize his prey and make off with it, for a wildcat has claws and teeth and other weapons, offensive and defensive—notably offensive. With the instinct and courage of a true sportsman, he seized the thief by the tail, and although the cat brought all his forces into action and made a savage attack, Mr. Rodgers finally put him to rout and saved the day and especially the fishes. We tip our creel to this gallant knight of the rod and reel and recognize him as one of nature's noblemen. At the same time, if he had not done as he did, we should have had no respect for him. The man who will not defend his own string of bass against predatory attack is unworthy to be called a fisherman and a dishonor to the craft.

THE REAL VICTORY.

(Selected for The Times-Dispatch.)

"I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith."—2 Timothy, iv. 7.

This is Paul's review of his life, supposedly written near its end, and when he saw the hour of martyrdom close at hand. He does not say that he has conquered in life's battle, won life's race, or vanquished his doubts; but that he has fought a good fight, continued the race, and held fast to his faith.

In fact, he was defeated in his battle. He believed that if the Christian Church could be free, its faith was so convincing and its hope so inspiring that it could convert the Roman empire. He fought to secure for it this freedom. There was this to support him in this battle, that theretofore all religions had been free, all worships allowed, all gods permitted. But he fought against overwhelming obstacles. The Jewish Church, of which Christianity was supposed by the pagans to be a sect, invited hostility by its intolerant spirit. The Christian Church half believed itself to be a Jewish sect. Paul's radical doctrine, that neither circumcision profiteth anything nor uncircumcision, was too much for the nascent faith of the church in its early youth. The discarding of paganism put out of business in increasing numbers traders who had depended on ceremonialism to meet the demand for images, vestments, animals for sacrifice, and the like. This aroused the sordid passions of the empire against Christianity. The terrible persecutions under Nero, in which Paul himself suffered death, were the answer of Rome to Paul's endeavor to secure a free course for his gospel. He was beaten in his battle—doubly beaten, since it was not until the Reformation that his interpretation of the gospel came to victory even in the church itself. But he did not retreat, nor halt, nor cease his fighting. He could not say, "I have won a great victory," but he could say, "I have fought a good fight."

He had not won his race. It was a race impossible to win. He was ever pursuing an ever-receding ideal. He pursued Jesus Christ, but never overtook him. His ideal of what it is to be Christlike grew faster than his Christlikeness. "I follow after," he said, "if I may apprehend that for which also I am apprehended of Christ Jesus." And he added, "I count not myself to have apprehended," but, "I press toward the mark for the prize of the upward calling of God in Christ Jesus." To him the call of God in Jesus Christ was ever a call to go forward and still forward, higher and still higher. But though he never realized his ideal; though he never became what he wished to become; though he never could say, "I am satisfied because I have awakened in Thy likeness," he could say, "I have finished my course." He had not attained; he had sometimes stumbled and fallen; his ideal was still in the distance, and he was still pursuing; but he had not halted; he had not grown discouraged. He had kept up his pursuit to the end.

He had kept the faith. It was a treasure, and keeping it against the robber who would have filched it from him was difficult. Not that he had no doubts; not doubt, but faith; not discouragement, but hope; not despair, but loyalty, had ruled his life. "Neither death nor life," he cries, "nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other created thing, shall be able to separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord." He could not have written that sentence if he had not felt them all tugging to get him away from his faith in the love of God. He felt the imperfection of his understanding and of his message. "We know," he said, "in fragments, and we prophesy in fragments. But even as things are, there abide faith, and hope, and love." Of these at least he was always sure. In spite of doubts, he had kept his loyalty to faith and hope and love, and to Christ, the supreme manifestation of the spirit of faith and hope and love, and to the God of faith and hope and love.

Blessed is he who, looking back on the day, the week, the year, can say, not "I have conquered in my battle, have realized my ideal; have had no doubts," but:

I have fought a good fight;
I have continued my pursuit of Christ;
I have held fast to my loyalty to truth, to love, and to my God.

The August number of the Book News Monthly contains four articles on the career of Edgar Allan Poe, one of which is by Mrs. Alice M. Tyler, of Richmond. Mrs. Tyler's article relates to Poe's life at the University of Virginia, and she brings out clearly the fact that, in spite of much misrepresentation, the records of the university, which are perfectly preserved, attest that at no time did Poe fall under the censure of the faculty, his connection with the university being severed by the termination of the session.

The illustrations in Mrs. Tyler's article embrace a portrait of John Allan, Poe's fosterfather, the Allan mansion in Richmond, a section of "West Range" at the university, in which Poe's room was situated, and the bust of Poe at the university, sculptured by Zolnay and presented to the university by the Poe Memorial Association.

"A hundred infuriated citizens of —— pounced upon Martin Sallo, a tailor, who had attempted to assault and strangle Annie Rogers, a pretty seventeen-year-old girl, and beat him into insensibility, dragged him through the streets with a rope tied around his neck, coolly prepared a noose and were in the act of stringing him up to a telegraph pole, when he was rescued by a policeman."

Is that a Southern story? Not a bit of it. It is a story from Brooklyn, N. Y. But men with red blood in their veins are the same the world over.

The Elmira, N. Y., Advertiser alludes disparagingly to Virginia's wet, "yellow clay roads." We beg to suggest to our contemporary that there is far less water in Virginia's roads than in those of Mr. Vanderbilt, of New York State.

Reasons continue to multiply against living down in Texas. Now it is said that since the insurance companies cut out that State, the unfortunate inhabitants have to buy their blotting-paper.

Of course, the Democratic party has a right to run itself, as a Danville exchange asserts, but there is no good reason why it should run itself into the ground.

The Providence Journal has an instructive article on "How Coins Disappear." However, no married man will find it necessary to read it.

Judge Kenesaw Mt. Landis has fixed the Standard Oil fine at $29,240,000. They made a mistake who did not buy their season's kerosene last week.

Says the Chattanooga News: "Mr. Watterson's darkhorse does not drink cocktails." No, indeed. His favorite tipple is, of course, the horse's neck.

The undue size of the Senate's water bill is most simply explained, however, by the presence of the railroad interests there.

Rockefeller, Jr., might find some good Sabbath-school texts in recent transactions in the court of Judge Landis.

A Kansas man sold his whiskers for $8. Many well-informed commentators regard this as Populism's deathblow.

It is said on the authority of prominent scientists that the Texas onion will kill at thirty miles.

Now they are selling automobiles in Borneo, which looks like an ideal arrangement.

Fiddling Bob Taylor, of Tennessee, makes it plain that he is still solid for Bryan.

The Mikado of Japan writes poetry. Being a Mikado, he can also compel people to read it.

Possibly this silence at Oyster Bay strikes Mr. Harriman as positively ominous.

Foraker is clever at point and thrust, but he isn't so much on political fences.

Rhymes for To-Day

LOVE SONGS OF AN INMATE.

13. Anent the Collector.

SOPHY, I'm ill from care and work—
I cry your loving pity:
All day I labor like a Turk
Amidst the overheat and murk
Of our torrid city.

At night I sit and think of you,
For oh, I have the leisure!
I have so little, dear, to do:
Indeed, it seems that of us two
'Tis you have all the pleasure.

Two lives can differ much—O laws!
Yours is so bright and sunny:
While mine, careworn and sodden, draws
A gloomy course, and all because
I haven't any money.

Your love's about my neck, I know,
The sweetest of all collars:
Now comes your chance that love to show—
Why not, when next you write, sweet So,
Enclose me $20?

My debts arise to mar my sleep,
And I live poor and thrifty:
Do nothing, lass, that might seem cheap,
And yet if twenty seem too steep,
I will not spurn Two-fifty.

H. S. H.

MERELY JOKING.

The Terrible Trusts.

Josh M. A. Long: "I tell you, trusts are getting to be terrible things in this country."

Goetz Dunn: "Sure thing. Why, there's that horrible trust that Skinnem has formed. It's outrageous. He won't sell a single share of it."—Florida Times-Union.

Tough Luck.

"Gee whiz!" said the nervous passenger, "you only just missed that man back there."

"Yes, I know it; and that's the second I've missed this morning, confound it!" returned the chauffeur, indignantly. "Must be something wrong with the steering gear."—The Chaparral.

Pretty Funny:

Hewitt: "That girl in the print dress is a poem."

Jewett: "She differs from most poems."

Hewitt: "How is that?"

Jewett: "Most poems don't get into print."—Exchange.

Correct.

Bobby: "Arctic explorers? How do you play that?"

Willie: "I'll p'tend I'm lookin' for the North Pole, an' you come an' look for me, an' Tommy'll come an' look for you."—Browning's Magazine.

As to the Stand By.

Mrs. Prentice: "How do you always manage to have such delicious beef?"

Mrs. Blinthyre: "I select a good, honest butcher, and then stand by him."

Mrs. Prentice: "You mean, that you give him all your trade?"

Mrs. Blinthyre: "No; I mean that I stand by him while he is cutting the meat."—Exchange.

Taking Candy from a Child.

"You can fool some of the people all of the time, and all of the people some of the time," began the man who is fond of moral reflections.

"And what more do you want?" interrupted his political friend. "Any better game than that would be too easy."—Pittsburg Post.

JEALOUS JABS AT THE TIMES-DISPATCH.

WHILE the Richmond Times-Dispatch is boasting over Virginia tobacco, it is well to note the most of it is raised in North Carolina.—Beaumont (Tex.) Enterprise.

* * *

"Virginia," says the Richmond Times-Dispatch, "is matchless." Some of her yellow clay roads are on a wet day, and that's a fact.—Elmira (N. Y.) Advertiser.

* * *

Nothing gives us more pleasure than to see old Virginia get a chance to boast. At the present time the Richmond Times-Dispatch is in paroxysms of joy over the fact that Virginia is contiguous to North Carolina and because the outlook is good for an Albemarle pippin crop of 25,000 barrels.—Houston Post.

* * *

A delegate to The Hague asks: "What is war?" We reply that it is Richmond P. Hobson.—Richmond Times-Dispatch. Does The Times-Dispatch base its reply on Sherman's definition?—Nashville Tennessean.

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According to the Richmond Times-Dispatch, Jamestown has its critics. To a man not up a tree sounds more like it has its traducers; mean things.—Austin Statesman.

* * *

"Virginia is matchless," remarks the Richmond Times-Dispatch. Respectfully referred to the Rev. Ira R. Hicks.—Schenectady Union.

* * *

"Virginia," says the Richmond Times-Dispatch, "is the home of the finest people in the world, and native seat of the only potlicker worth mentioning." However, if you're free from the Bootlicker you're lucky.—Montgomery Advertiser.

* * *

The boasting by the Richmond Times-Dispatch is liable to cause some of its contemporaries to call a few things to its mind. For instance it boasts lustily of its Virginia smoking tobacco. Now it would be next to cruel for some one to gently remind it that the discovery has been made under the operation of the new Federal pure food law that its most celebrated brand contains much alfalfa, and "sich" like. But the truth may out.—Austin Statesman.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

Prince Bismarck of Germany would never sit down to a dinner with thirteen at the table.

In some parts of Switzerland all the dead are buried by the government, without respect to wealth or position.

United States Senator Bacon, of Georgia, has been rendered practically penniless by the failure of the Exchange Bank at Macon.

An oil portrait of J. Pierpont Morgan is among the unclaimed dutiable goods in the government stores at New York. It will be offered at public sale.

The Church of England Incorporated Society for Providing Homes for Waifs and Strays has taken up a new line of work in finding places, with medical appliances, for crippled children.

The Pilgrim Congregational Church, near London, founded in 1616, is the oldest of the denomination in the empire, and it was from it that the London contingent of the men of the Mayflower was recruited.

There are in London a round dozen churches named after St. Mary, nearly all of them belonging to a single group closely packed together, showing that they all came from the one great parish of Aldermary.

Although the law courts have declared there are no legal hindrances to the use of the crematorium in Prussia, the Minister of the Interior has given instructions that the use of one at Hagen shall be prevented, if necessary, by force.

Maude Adams closed her long season by a special performance in the Greek Theatre of the California University on Saturday night on invitation of the faculty. The university orchestra of one hundred pieces was placed at her disposal.

St. Peter-le-Poor, an ugly Georgian Church in London, has finally succumbed to the ecclesiastical commissioners and has been advertised for sale, the site being desirable because of its close proximity to the bank and stock exchange.

Governor Hughes's vacation in the Adirondacks on the grounds of the State Fish Hatchery, in a building so remote from everything that he has to carry his food with him, takes the front rank for isolation. But he is determined to see no one for two weeks.

Miss Ellen Terry was born in Coventry fifty-nine years ago. Two houses in that English city claim to be her birthplace. One house has the sign: "This is the birthplace of Miss Ellen Terry"; the other, just opposite, bears the legend: "This is the original birthplace of Miss Ellen Terry."

The Voice of the People.

Immigration to Virginia.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—I was glad to see in a recent issue of your paper that Mr. Koiner, Commissioner of Agriculture, was arranging to make Norfolk the port of entry for immigrants coming to Virginia and the South, instead of allowing the port to remain at the North as it had always been. This is a timely move in the right direction, but it comes none too soon, for we are being sadly discriminated against in the North in the way of immigration, as the following facts will prove for themselves. I am a farmer, and had applied to the commissioner's office April 1st for a man and his wife. I was in Richmond on the 10th of June, and called at the commissioner's office to see what chances I had for getting my immigrants. I had attended to my business with Mr. Miller, Mr. Koiner's assistant, who is a courteous and able man, and had passed out of his office into the museum when I walked up on three young men who I knew at a glance were either Scotch or English immigrants. I spoke to them and engaged them in conversation, telling them that I had already applied for some of their countrymen. I said to them: "There is something I would like very much to know, and you are the only ones that can tell me. Would you mind answering a few questions?" The elder brother of the two said, "Certainly not." I then asked if after reaching New York he had had any trouble coming South to Virginia. I shall never forget his expression, for he opened his eyes wide, and said with great emphasis, "Yes, sir. At one time I feared that I would never see Virginia." And then he related his experiences in the following words: "The inspector came round and examined my two brothers and myself and said we were all right, to come along with him, as he had places for all three of us in Philadelphia. I said 'No, sir, we are going to Richmond, Va.' The inspector said 'No, you are mistaken. I have examined your papers and you are booked to Philadelphia.' I spoke up then and said, 'No, sir, we saw Mr. Koiner, whom we met in Scotland, and we are booked direct to Mr. Koiner's office in Richmond, Va., and to Richmond, Va., we are going and nowhere else.' The inspector said he did not know anything about that, but that we had to go with him. I became so worried I did not know what to do, but just at this time I saw the ship agent and took him aside. I told him what had happened and asked him for mercy's sake to telegraph to the commissioner's office in Richmond, so we could go there. He said he would do what he could for me. In the meantime the inspector carried us along with other immigrants to a boarding-house, keeping us there all day and night into the middle of the next day, not allowing us to leave the place for a moment for anything until a telegram came from the commissioner's office in Richmond asking that we be set at liberty and be permitted to proceed to Richmond, Va. I tell you, sir, when this order came for us it made me very happy, for I was getting much alarmed."

Now, Mr. Editor, these three Scotchmen were bright, intelligent men, their ages being respectively 19, 20 and 22, as I learned from them. They are now at work on a Virginia farm. I have given the elder brother's word verbatim, so you can see for yourself how we are being discriminated against in the way of immigration in the South. I hope you will not only let the people of Virginia see it, but the whole South as well. Now that the true state of affairs is known, I think the people of Virginia can better appreciate the great and noble work Mr. Koiner has done and the difficulties under which he is working, and when they take into consideration the great odds he has to work against and the untold money and influence; he is a farseeing, wise and able man in the right place, an indefatigable worker, who has done more for the State than any other man in this decade, and so long as he will honor the Old Dominion with his services and his talents, he should remain where he is. Very truly yours,

R. P. BURWELL.

Powhatan county.

The Peddling of Chickens.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—May I not say a word through you to those who must feel an interest on this subject?

I wish to urge a sincere and hearty protest against allowing the sale of chickens through our streets, especially in the out-of-the-way streets of the city, by men and boys.

I witness continually these persons peddling chickens from door to door. The coops are crowded, piled up one on another. Under the burning rays of the sun, these weak, sickly, emaciated, suffering creatures go for days. The men tie up five to eight chickens in bundles; and, one in each hand, the boys go swinging them along through the streets, offering them for sale. The chickens are cruelly treated; they are starved, being kept all day without food or water, and those that are left from one day's sale are kept in these wretchedly dirty baskets till the next day's selling. The chickens must be diseased, for you can see them dead and dying, and with every mark of bad treatment, neglect and indifference to their wants. Women buy them, feed them to infants and others. The consequence is that there is much sickness.

On Thursday I buried an infant dying from cholera infantum, and while I waited for the services, I saw in the street before me chickens being hawked for sale, and the boy said: "We will sell you chickens alive or dead." And true it was!

Now, Mr. Editor, much is being said about the pure milk question. It is important; but are we not tending to a "tithing" of the "mint, anise and cummin," and allowing weightier matters of the bono publico to go uncared for?

I do call the attention of the Health Department and of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to these things.

Respectfully,
J. CALVIN STEWART.

A Plea for Open Sunday.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—Recently I have noticed that several persons about Idlewood Park have been fined for selling things on Sunday and keeping their places of amusement open on that day, which are considered perfectly legitimate on other days of the week. Also that in other sections of the State a like agitation is becoming quite general, to close up all the places of amusement on Sunday.

It seems that this question is of such importance to the whole people that it demands more than a passing thought. Why close any honorable business on Sunday more than on any other day of the week? Evidently because it is considered to be a holy day. But do not holy things belong to God, and as such cannot He protect His own? It has been truthfully said "that a religion which He does not see fit to protect is not worth protecting." Where do we ever read of Christ or the apostles asking the Roman government to protect or promote Sabbath observance by law, or any other religious observance? As holy things belong to God, are not men responsible alone to Him for their use or abuse? When men have not sufficient conscience to willingly obey any of God's requirements will legislation give them such a conscience? Verily not. Does it not look as though the State was getting out of its place in trying to look after the things of God?

But some one may say a more strict enforcement of Sunday laws will compel the people to go to church on that day, where they will hear the gospel. Did any of the disciples use such an argument? Paul said: "For the love of Christ constraineth us." And Christ said: "Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." But nowhere did He ever teach coercive rest. History teaches that all religious coercion makes religious rebellion. The French revolution was but the fruit of such legislation.

Sabbath observance is of God, in the Spirit; as such it is as much beyond the power of civil authority as heaven is above the earth. Thomas Jefferson well said: "Almighty God hath created the mind free; all attempts to influence it by temporal punishments or burdens, or by civil incapacitations tend only to beget habits of hypocrisy and meanness, and are a departure from the plan of the holy Author of our religion, who being Lord both of body and mind, yet chose not to propagate it by coercion on either, as was His almighty power to do."—Virginia Act for Establishing Religious Freedom, 1785.

The writer of the above article and the people which he represents have no fellowship or sympathy with lawlessness or immorality on any day of the week. But they have a profound respect for religious liberty for all the people alike, and also for all governments, although they might sometimes enact bad laws, as did Nebuchadnezzar when he set up the golden image and commanded all peoples to bow down and worship it.

Love of liberty and loyalty to both God and the King, led the three worthies to go into the fiery furnace, even at the peril of their own lives. So today the same principles stand true.

H. J. FARMAN,
Secretary for the Religious Liberty Department of Virginia Conference of Seventh Day Adventists.

Poetry.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—Poetry is worthy of more notice and consideration than it receives. My opinion is that there should be more reading and better understanding of poetry by the every-day man in his every-day life. Why not talk of the weather less and talk of poetry more? Apropos of the remarks made above, I desire to present the following:

Poetry is heavenly drink sent to earth. The proper sphere of a poem is to be refreshing drink to the soul. Anything that is really refreshing is strengthening. Therefore a poem should not be artificial nectar, but it should be the wine of God, the Creator.

In poetry there should be discords. There should not be a sameness. Henry Van Dyke has said:

"If all the world were music,
Our hearts would often long
For one sweet strain of silence
To break the endless song."

I shall try to prove the need of discords in poetry by the first law of motion: "A body set in motion will move forever in a straight line, unless acted on by some external force." No experiment has ever directly proved that law. It appears to be God's will that this universe shall be one of curves. God's will is the natural will; the natural is always the best. The nearest approach in poetry to curves is obtained by using discords.

A poem in itself is not perfect because "action is equal to reaction, and in the contrary direction." A poem by its charms places itself upon the mind, which makes application of it to the mind's structure; if it fit, it is a perfect poem to the possessor of that mind. There has never been a perfect poem because there has never been a perfect man other than Christ.

GARLAND BABCOCK.

Rip Raps, Va.

As to Flags.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—Why should Mr. Turpin invite your readers to scan through the emblems of empires and States for one signifying defeat, when victory or defeat have nothing to do with the matter? Let any one but consult a plate of the coats of arms of States and nations. What will he find? In a mere glance at such a plate I catch five lions, two in the arms of the old city of Bremen, supporting a shield bearing a key. A sister city, Libeck, has a fesse or union chequert, red and white, with stripes of white and red below. There are also numerous eagles and dragons, and bird, beast and fowl symbolizing conrage and other abstract qualities, but nothing concerning defeat or victory, except sometimes on private arms, as with John Smith's three Turks' heads. In some cases a nation assumed the arms of a defeated opponent. The lilies of the overturned Bourbon dynasty figure only on the arms of England. There seems to be no prescribed rule. Certainly the fact that a nation is nonexistent does not obliterate the emblems from history. The flag of Poland no longer flies over Warsaw, but it is still cherished in the hearts of all true Poles. The papal states no longer exist, but the pontiff could fly the cross keys if he would; and without prejudice.

Ireland is proud of her old kings. Would Mr. Turpin like to suggest to an Irishman that he should not wear a shamrock, loved of those old monarchs, or carry the green flag with the harp of Erin upon it? Richmond was once the capital of a nation that sprang full armed into history. To commemorate that historical fact should give offense to no one. Mr. Turpin's lucubrations in the subject are beside the matter. If a municipal flag is to be had at all, obviously something should be had that is distinctive. If we have to resort to symbols, would Mr. Turpin suggest a dog with his tail between his legs?

Yours, PRO SIGNO.